DOING HER HOUSEWORK. | quality and expense of the food served in the CHEERING FACTS FOR THE GIRL WHO

VOULD MARRY A POOR MAN. Flat She Needn't Be Ashamed to Live In. 825 a Month-Good Things to Put on Her Table, \$25 More-Clothing and Incidentals, An-other \$25-But She Must Be Brave and Methodical and Very Much in Love.

The passing of the general housework servant is causing woe throughout the length and breadth of the land. The all-around maid is scarce, not only because servants have found that specialized work means better pay for lighter labor, but because the demand for her kind is mightily increased. The young married woman in moderate circumstances who does her own housework to-day is as rare as the angel servant; and the reminiscent mothers and grandmothers who shake their heads and tell how different the beginning of a matrimonial career was in their day from what it is now are not telling fairy stories. The girl in love with or man and willing to help him even by doing then housework isn't yet extinct, but the ranks have been thinned. The bride who in the old days would have luxuriated in one servant now wrestles with a cook and a maid and, in the course of events, a nurse maid; and the young wife who once would not have dreamed of keeping a servant, save as a far-off indulgence just on the hither side of affluence, now haunts the employment bureaus for the ! elusive maid of all work. Where ten young married couples employed a servant twentyave years ago, fifty do so to-day. The servant is as much a part of the plunge into matrimony as the wedding ring and the roof tree.

The fault, if fault that be, doesn't lie alto gether with the girl. Conditions as well as training are different from what they were in her mother's day. Living is less simple, social standards and views have changed, more elaborateness is required in the home, and more demands are made upon a woman from outside the home. The late dinner is a stumbling block to the young housekeeper. When the custom first crept into American life there was rebel-Hon among the servants. The turmoil has subsided, but the young wife who tries to do her own work understands why the war arose. The old-time housewife got through with this ornamental a hievement in the middle of the day, and there was an afternoon of comparative ease and an evening of domestic serenity ahead of her. Now a late dinner swallows up the afternoon, and either unwashed dishes rest upon one's conscience like a nightmare or the evening is spoiled by work and fatigue. Then, too, ing is spoiled by work and fatigue. Then, too, table service in the homes of persons of taste is more elaborate than it used to be, and the little niceties take up more time than any one, except the woman who provides them, can realize. On the other hand, labor-saving appliances have reduced housework to a minimum. It is the usual thing to say that the amount paid a maid is a small sum compared with the werr and tear saved to the mistress. That may be true but the expense of keeping a maid. wear and tear saved to the mistress. That may be true, but the expense of keeping a maid doesn't stop with her wages. From \$12 to \$20 is paid outright for the service, and it is only a Is paid outright for the service, and it is only a most inferior and untrained servant who can be hired to-day for less than \$16 a month. Then there is the servant's board, which is quite equivalent to that of the man of the house. Discrimination in the quality and quantity of food is practically an impossibility in this day of independent servants, and the mistress who attempts to have one bill of fare for the dining room and another for the kitchen will soon find herself servantless. The expense of boarding a servant in a family that lives comfortably will servant in a family that lives comfortably will
not fall below \$2.50 a week, and will often rise to
\$4.50. Ten dollars a month is a conservative
estimate for this item of expense. As for the
amount saved by the careful housewife in small
economies that the ordinary maid scorns, that
is a sliding scale, but is always greater than the
uninitiated imagine. In the mere matters of
gas and fuel the possibilities of waste and savling are large. It is a most exceptional maid
who makes her employer's interests her own
who carefully saves the small left-overs and
utilizes them, who keeps drippings for a purpose and sees utilizate possibilities in dry bread,
and can prepare salade à la russe for a king out
of dabs of cold vegetables. For that matter, it
is the exceptional housewife, too, who can
achieve all this; but any intelligent woman can
learn it and can understand that it is to her interest. The average servant will not bother
with such details because, personally, she
makes nothing by the extra trouble. fall below \$2.50 a week, and will often rise to

young couple living in Harlem have recently a windfall in the loan of a maid who has a for years in the employ of a woman well wn as an authority on domestic science, wife, who had struggled with incompetent

d careless cooks for over two years before and friend-ship cast the treasure in her way, the summer, says that for the month of June, the summer, says that for the month of June, the the family lived better than they ever ed before, the housekeeping bills were \$10 aller than in any menth of the year.

A good many of the schedules for cheap this put forward by theorists presuppose at the livers are willing to put up with informand monotonous food and with an absence the daintiness and refinement that are fast seming characteristic of middle-class homes, e young couple who have been used to nothbut the crudities of life can live on very le. By rigid economy and S-artan self-mial family expenses can be cut down to onishingly small figures, but there are posishingly small figures, but there are pos-es of rational economy without depart-tom traditions of good and eyen delicate from traditions of good and even delicate ing. Although the college-bred and self-morting young woman of the period often clines to consider matrimony until it means competency greater than she can win for realf, the reassuring fact remains that some is of the higher education to fall in love the poor young men and marry them. The my doesn't happen as often as it did: it men and maids prefer waiting until the attrimonial bark may have some assurance. t men and maids prefer waiting until the timonial bark may have some assurance a smooth sea. When the unexpected does pen, however, and the daintily reared narries the refined young man who has become of only \$75 a month, can the couple comfortably without sinning against all reultivated tastes? That is the ouestion is being ponfered forlormly by many extricted persons.

being poniered foriormy by many cicken persons. In be done, but it entails some degree ifice, not of the vital, but of the supersings; and if the girl isn't sensible and misn't plucky and if they are not fathoms in love, they would probably better not experiment. The exact kind of a flat d in one's favorite neighborhood isn't had at the price. One may as well start no illusions on that point; it will save to illusions on that point; it will save earlying disappointment and leg-weary-air climbing. But in that vague region is "uptown" there are small flats in bothoods absolutely respectable which be rented for low prices. There was when the small flat in New York was unitation, and there seemed to be noth-afortable between the small apartments swell apartment house and the flat too for a family of two. There has been, the last ien years, a tremendous imment in the quality and quantity of fine on flats, and, if one will go to Harlem, lay get a comfortable and modern flat is ze in a house that is well kept and

of all kinds send for one's order are not so necessary as they finds are limited. An ex-at may be cooked carelessly eat may be constant and the constant was earlied by edible, but, if the constant constant in the preparation and labor in the reparation and housewife is willing to do non-housewife ordinarily is not.

A young married woman in New York last winter wrote to the mistress of the Paris pension where her artist husband had lived for several years and asked for the recipe came and the young wife read it and fell on the divant the young wife read it and fell on the divant in dismay. Three separate and distinct varieties of bread crumbs, specially prepared, were necessary for those unassuming tomatoes, two kinds of pepper, laurel leaves and bay leaves, and olives, and burnet, and parsitely, and chopped veal, and chopped sausage all were required. Yet the artist had paid only \$5 a week for board and room in that little pension, and its mistress was making money. In buying mea's knowledge is even more essential than in any other marketing. Meat is the most expensive item of a menu and the one in regard to which an ilgnorant buyer can make the most expessions failure. There is a tradition that nothing smaller than a sixpound piece is fit to roast, but, if one knows exactly the cut required and the style of cooks in a series of hashes will not be a necessity in the wake of the roast. The ignorant young housekeeper should buy a good housekeeping book—not one of the elaborate cook books in which an illustrious chef tells the world how to make mightingale tongue ragiouts, &c., but a book written by a practical woman for other women of moderate meansturn to the chapter on meats and study it with earnestness until beef, yeal, pork and mutton have no anatomical secrets for her, and she can argue with the willest butcher and put him to shame.

Canned meat extracts save the bother of long boiling of meat for soup with the attendant outlay of gas or the heat of a slow fire in the range. Canned soups are a positive of left-over vegetables and meat better and cheaper soup can usually be made. The increasing respect for salads in the American household is a cheering thing for the housewife. Lettuce, tomato, bean, pea, cauliflower or any one of a score of other salads is nutritious, appetizing, decorative, easily prepared and cheap,

can help a husband in no finer and more rational way than in mastering all details of house-work and reducing them to a science, she should not marry a coor man and expect happiness for either her husband or herself.

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doughy fingers, ruefully "My land," she said, "I wonder who it can be from? Read it, Wally, please. I can't wait till I get my hands out of the dough to find out what it's about."

And Walsingham opened the envelope and read as follows:

" DEAR MRS. EPPERT-Pardon me for addressing you thus familiarly, but I assure you that although you are unknown to us personally, there is not a member of the Society of Mothers who is not acquainted with you by hearsay, and who does not, as a sister mother, take pride in your reputation for the good management and care of children. Because of this enviable reputation you bear, the Society of Mothers herewith requests you to favor them with an address at the next meeting of the society, which is to be held in Albermarie Hall on Tuesday, July 25. If you will kindly consent to speak you will, of course, be at liberty to choose your own subject, but it would please the association as a whole, to be given a few hints from your valuable experience on, "The Child Mind, and Inductive Reasoning as Applied Thereto.' Kindly let us know at once if you will honor us with this talk, which you may make elaborate or informal, according to your discretion. Very truly yours.

"SECRETARY SOCIETY OF MOTHERS." Walsingham read this alarming epistle slowly, and long before he had come to the end of it Mrs. Eppert had forgotten that her hands were floury and that cold draughts blowing in on the partially mixed bread would prove conducive to sogginess. "Well," she said, turning her back to the bread board and planting on each hip a pasty palm, "if that doesn't beat

all. Mat, come here and listen to this." This demand was followed by the rustling

STUMBLED INTO POLITICS.

MRS. EPPERT MISTOOK A COUNTY CONVENTION FOR A MOTHERS: MEETING.

Got There Just as Her Husband Was Called
For and Took His Place—Her Speech
Carried the Day, Though It Was on a
Strange Subject for a Political Gathering.

A good many people, irrespective of suffragist convictions, have been thrown into
quite a flurry by the presence of women delegates at the late political conventions, but
all these women delegates from Utah and
Wyoming combined did not create half as much
of a stir as did Mrs. Mathias Eppert when she
took part in the Republican convention down
in Albemarle, Ohio, several years ago. Mrs.
Eppert was the pioneer of the female invaders
of the field of politics in that State, and the
curiots part of it was that she had no intention of becoming a politician. A more domestic, home-loving woman never breathed than
Mrs. Eppert, and even the invitation reached
her just as she was mixing Wednesday's baking
of salt-raising bread. Walsingham Eppert
brought it over from the Post Office."

"Here's a letter for you, mother," he said.
"The envelope's sealed with real wax. It must
be from somebody that's kind of high-toned."

Mrs. Eppert looked from the letter to her
doughty fingers, rucefully "My land," she said.
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Mrs. Eppert looked from the letter to her
doughty fingers, rucefully "My land," she said.
"The envelope's sealed with real wax. It must
be from the county therein assembled, while down at Albemarle Town Hall the very ita roof was meiting with the heat emanating from the torrents of warm language that were being poured out from the lips of the delegates to the Republican convention. The man ought to have known, from the looks of things, that Mrs. Eppert was a Mother and not a politician; but apparently he didn't, and at just 2:57 o'clock he set his trembling passenger down at the entrance to Albemarle Town Hall and pocketed his fare, with the advice that she had better hurry up if she didn't want to miss the fun."

And Mrs. Eppert did hurry. She marched unfilachnaky up the long flight of stone steps and past the officers at the door, both of whom were too deeply interested in the proceedings within to demand credentials from any interloper, especially an interloper so genteel look-

within to demand credentials from any interloper, especially an interloper so genteel looking as Mrs. Eppert. Once across the threshold
of the hall, Mrs. Eppert stopped and caught
her breath with a choking little gasp. Never
before had she been in such a crowd of people,
and never before had she heard such a babel
of tongues. Every seat in the big auditorium
was occupied, and Mrs. Eppert noted with
surprise that fully two-thirds of those present
were men. She wondered for a moment, in
the vague, uncertain way in which people
think things in times of great me tall stress,
at this preponderance of masculinity, but re-

the vague, uncertain way in which people think things in times of great me tal stress, at this preponderance of masculinity, but remembering in almost the same instant that men and unmarried women generally contribute the bulk of advice that constitutes the reports of Mothers' meetings, she accepted the situation as logical, and proceeded on her way to the speaker's platform. The chairman of the convention saw her coming and wondered at it, but he went right on with the business of the day.

"I will now," he said, "introduce to you Mr. Mathias Eppert."

Mrs. Eppert was at the foot of the platform then. She heard the word "Eppert" and steping up to the chairman's desk and, bowing slightly to the right and left, she turned and faced the astonished audience. At the aunolincement of his name as the next speaker on the programme Mr. Mathias Eppert had half risen from his chair with the laboriously prepared nomination speech clutched tightly in his right hand, but when he beheld his place preëmpted by his white-faced wife he sank down again. And everybody else in the hall was as still as he. Even Mrs. Eppert could not speak for a minute or so, for now at the beginning of the crucial test she discovered that she had left all her abstruse arguments on laductive Reasoning at home and had nothing to go on except her own mind, which was apt to clog, and her own tongue, which was apt to falter in moments of extreme agitation. But Mrs. Eppert's message to the Society of Mothers that day was primarily a heart message, and when an earnest heart dictates the brain and tongue are bound to do its will.

"Dear Mothers of Clermont County," began Mrs. Eppert's never the place of the laughing. Mrs. Eppert's speech to the Re-

THREE WIVES WITH TIPS to have the joy of victory for once, when the last race is over."

Well, I'll tell you," said the undersized owner "Well, I'll tell you," said the back like hat and AND THREE HUSBANDS WITH SURE

THINGS AT THE RACES.

Betting Done by a Party of Six at Brighton

Beach-Information of the Man With Pale Green Eyes - Surprise Arranged by the Three Wives for the Three Husbands. These three and their husbands sat in a box Brighton Beach on Wednesday afternoon. Photographs of the three have for some years past ornamented the windows of the art stores on Broadway. Photographs of the husbands of the three may not be so widely distributed in the art store windows. Nevertheless, they

are on public exhibition in some few of them. Each of the three wore a foulard costume, with much lace trimming, a summer toreador hat to match, and a parasol to match the hat. Each wore at her belt a link purse that looked plethoric. Of course, being theatrical young women, they said "cahn't" and "pahst" and "hahlf," but they weren't anything like so theatrical of manner as their theatrical husbands. The husbands of the three were about the limit in hot-weather toggery for male persons. composite hue of their suits would have mad a cream color, and the Roman scarfs draped around their white straw Alpine hats were very ornate indeed. For the rest, their countenances had that purplish tinge that comes from much shaving, they had large pairs of field glasses in russet cases slung over their shoulders, and they leaned upon their walk-Ing sticks and surveyed the horses as they filed by to the post with that solemn air which betokens a really profound knowledge of the merits of the thoroughbreds.

The three husbands left the box about twenty ninutes before the first race, and repaired to the betting ring in order to get the figure on the good thing they each had written on a piece of paper. They endured the customary pulling and hauling around, but they got the top price on Vesuvian, and each put his \$10 on that one at 6 to 1 against. While they were catapulting themselves through the rushing crowd in the betting ring, their wives were leaning over the edge of the box and stage-whispering with a little man who had an owner's badge flapping from his waistcoat. The little man had pale green eyes and a reddish mustache, and e was clad in a warm-looking all-black suit. He was chewing a straw reflectively when the three symphonies in foulard leaned over the edge of their box and called him. "Oh, Jimmy," they said all in a breath, but

n a subdued tone, "tell us, please, which one it is going to be." The little man with the pale green eyes looked

up, grinned, lifted his high-crowned straw hat, and made a funnel of his right hand. "Howdy," said he, waving his hat at them with no grace to speak of. "It's a speedy bunch but there's only one to it. Play the top weight, Heliobas, and there ought to be a little mil-

inery in it. Where's the boys?" "They're down betting on Vesuvian," said ne of the young women whose photographs in costume are to be found in most of the Broadway art windows. "They have a tip on Vesu-

last race is over."

"Well, I'll tell you." said the undersized owner of thoroughbreds, pushing back his hat and scratching his forehead, "there's something in this one that I'n pretty sweet on, even if it is the longest chance in the race. I happened to be around when this one did a dead swift work the other morning, and I think it's going to be the contender with Bounteous, the odds-on baby, and has a good show to beat that one. But don't you play it that way. Play Orderer to run second, at 4 to 1 against, and if you don't cash I don't know a burro from a prairie wolf."

Then the little man in the warm-looking suit of black went his way, the runner was called, and each of the three wives handed him over their limit, \$10, on Orderer to run second.

"I guess we got you this time," said the runner, making a note of the bets with a grin.

The three husbands turned up in the box with all of their early confidence seemingly restored.

"It's Balloon this time from flag-fall to finish," was the cock-sure way they put it. "This is a put-up job. It's arranged.

They had bet \$20 each on Balloon at 5 to 2 against. Balloon contrived to get third money. Orderer ran Bounteous, the favorite, to a head.

The three husbands looked at one another and began to talk about the futility of attempting to beat the races.

"I believe I'll pass the game up, once and for all, from now on," said one.

"Count me along," said No. 2. "There's nothing in it."

"It's all off, so far as I'm concerned, after

"tount me along, said to nothing in it."

"It's all off, so far as I'm concerned, after to-day," said No. 3, while their wives endeavored to look depressed.

The sawed-off owner was on hand shortly the sawed-owner was on hand shortly the sawed-owner was on hand shortly the sawed-owner afterward to advise the three young women in the box to keep off the fourth race, an affair that had dwindled to a contest among three horses, one of which so far outclassed the

had each taken a \$20 chance on Lord Raltimore to run second to the favorite. Lord
Baltimore ran last.

The stunted owner of thoroughbreds gave
them Tower of Candles for the fifth race, and
each of the wives put \$20 on Tower of Candles
at \$ to 5. Their husbands put \$10 each on
that disappointing filly. Elizabeth M., which
ran last. In accordance with the advice of
the little man with the pale green eyes, the
three young women who are in the public eye
during the theatrical season put \$10 each on
Post Haste, at 6 to 1 against, to win the final
race, and Post Haste galloped home. The
husbands of the three had been able to see
nothing in that race but Carbuncle, the even
money favorite, which finished outside the
money.

"Well," said the three husbands, gloomily "Well," said the three lussbands, gloomily, when the last race was confirmed, as they turned their pockets inside out, "it's a case of going back to the flats and sending out for sardines and beer for dinner. Nothing doing so far as dinner at the Beach is concerned." Then the three young women in the foulards flashed their rolls, and then, too, the little man with the pale green eyes turned up with his straw and his grin, and the "eternal feminine" that the three husbands were so fond of casting up to their wives whenever the wives. of casting up to their wives whenever the wives idiosyncrasies displeased them got back to New York that night with banners flying and bell trimmings and decorations of sequins.

HOW WOMEN WORK HARD Immense Amount of Energy Expended in

Holding Up the Trailing Skirts. "In one afternoon's shopping the women of Greater New York expend sufficient energy to propel the combined navies of the world!" The Girl in the Mortar Board said this and

then looked about her for the effect. "Oh, oh," groaned the two organdie girls, falling limply against each other. But the Gir in the Ladysmith Hat said scornfully: "It's that mortar board. She can't help doing sums

SECRETS OF AN ART IN WHICH THE PARISIENNE EACELS.

Prudish Prejudices Float Away on Delicately Scented Winds-Baths. Beds, Dresses, Gioves, Hair and All That Perfains to Feminiaity Full of Faint. Sweet Smiles.

This is a season of perfumes, and even the most fastidious women are laying aside the prejudice that for a time tabooed the use of all such devices except sachets and toilet water for the bath. Feminine fancy, prone to whims, is going to the other extreme, and no Ortental beauty of a thousand and one nights' dream was ever more redolent of Araby the Blest than the clepante of the period. Naturally the mode is one that opens the door to appalling abuses, and for one woman who is a scented joy there will be a thousand who will overdo it. These awful possibilities began to force themselves into notice last winter, and many a victim with delicate olfactory nerves fled from musicale or lecture or tea, driven out by peas L'Espagne or heliotrope or violet in bulk.

Perfume is a thing to be used with consummate discretion or not at all. It is either & triumph of luxurious daintiness, or it is a monstrous sin against good taste. The woman who cannot afford to use perfume well ought not to use it at all, for it is distinctly a luxury. and, in an endurable form, is very expensive The old violent perfumes, made on a basis of coal oil, and as cheap as they were crude, were Iways an abomination, but now perfume making has reached a condition that brings it within the limits of refinement. The real soul of the natural flowers is captured and condensed, but thousands of blossoms are sacrificed to one small bottle of essen e, and the essence is correspondingly expensive. It assaults one with no such odor as leaps from the cheap perfume, but a drop of it will lend a delicate fragrance that will cling for days and often will survive laundering. Such an extract as this, if one can afford to pay its exravagant price, is a delight, but the extract s not the most satisfactory form of perfume.

Few American women understand the use of perfume, just as few of them understand making-up as a high art. If ignorance in both lines comes from principle it has some excuse, but if it is a matter of carelessness it is deplorable. Probably a woman would better not rouge, or paint her veins, or color her lips and eyebrows and lashes; but if she will do it, let her do it well. The same rule applies to perfuming. It is the true Parisienne with whom toilet luxury and artificiality are a high art. With Parisian women to-day perfume is & mania, but they use it with skill and discretion. Every smallest article of the 'clegante's apparel has the scent of her chosen perfume. Every pere of her body, every hair of her head exhales the same fragrance, and yet so faint is it that one does not notice it at first, and only with time grows to associate this ghost of a sweet smell with the woman who wears it.

Every woman who can afford the fad should choose a perfume and, for better or for worse cling to it, or make it cling to her, until it be-